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GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

[WHOLE No. 132.]

## THE TIMES

GREENSBORO, N. C.

### Childhood's Sorrow.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, bitter is the sorrow  
Of childhood's early years;  
Which makes the pale lip quiver  
And fills the eye with tears;  
And when the gleaming tear drops  
From hidden fountains rush;  
'Tis cruel to impede them  
As from life's springs they gush.

O, sad it is to witness  
A tearless, choking grief;  
When childish souls of sorrow  
Are bursting for relief;  
And, O, we should remember  
Our own past early years;  
And never to delude them  
The privilege of tears.

We may forbid the murmur  
Of discontent and sin;  
But never hide the weeping,  
Or quench the light within;  
For tears that flow so quickly  
Shall prove an April shower;  
That adds but gloss and beauty  
And leaves unstained the flower.

Then crush that worldly wisdom,  
Which in its iron mood  
Would teach the young heart hardness,  
And deem that business good;  
And learn the young this lesson,  
This lesson of their God;  
That He would not have his children  
Despise the chastening rod.

## THE MINIATURE; OR, LIFE SCENES.

BY WILLIS MACLAY.

### CHAPTER VII.

How blest in life it is to meet  
Those whom we love,  
Those who consider sorrows sweet,  
As coming from above;  
Those who listen to our grief,  
And with us weep,  
Whose consolation brings relief,  
And our heart's secrets keep."—400.

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not written of the soul."  
Longfellow.

LONG tells us, that "life is all a vain fleeting show," but the inspired page, the Book of nature, everything around us, about us, above us, tells us that life is the battle ground, on which we must fight or fall; that it is a course over which we must run and gain the prize, that it is a sea over which we must steer safely or be lost in its tempestuous billows.

Life is not all a dream, no! it is a dread reality, and whether man thinks so or not, he will eventually confess it. Happy he who keeps this in view and aims to live as becometh himself, his country and his God!

But a few days after the dread catastrophe mentioned in our last chapter—the circle met around the hearthstone, and heard the story of Will's career and reform, and that many tears were shed, yet they blessed the hour of penitence, and the trouble that caused it, and thanked the kind word that aided conscience in its work.

The story has been told our readers, and it is unnecessary to repeat. Mr. Dowell wept as mention was made of Louie's character, his life, and the connection between those events that were veiled so deeply in mystery, he bowed his head in grief; but light still beamed through the darkness, for had not his life been of such a character, of such a cast, Will Grahame would still have been under the influence of sin and wickedness.

Look to the bright side! Never let the cloud that overshadows hide from you the light. The summer shower darkens the face of nature, and renders everything gloomy; but the sun does not bewail the shadows that fit across the field, when the clouds pass, everything is more bright and beautiful than before; the flowers bloom more delicately as the tear-drops rest upon their faces; its odours are more refreshing, and the passing gale breathes sweeter perfume. When night throws her mantle over nature, everything looks dark and dismal, but cast the eye upward and the spangled dome stretches its arch of beauty over the sleeping. Bright eyes never cease to gaze upon the silent earth before and watch with those that watch. So when darkness over-hadows the soul, when every thought is gloomy and depressing, never despair.—Look up, and you will see the glories of a wise and just Providence in every trying hour—you will see the Hand of an Almighty ruler and regulator, and whatever life does will be for our own advantage, and will redound to His honor through the endless ages of eternity!

Christian! never yield to the thoughts and complaints of a human appetite, but look up! Ever look to the bright side and you will be happy in all that you do!

Will, had barely closed his touching narrative when a rap was heard at the door and with a grumbling muttered voice he said:

"I did not want our pleasure disturbed, this evening, but nevertheless, I must set I suppose like a gentleman. Mother, shall the person be ushered in here?"

He scarcely waited for the reply ere he opened the door and who to his infinite surprise and amazement should enter but his dearest friend Walton Wood; it was however no time for parley, at the door, so he introduced:

"Rev. Mr. Dowell, Rev. Mr. Wood," and then turning to his mother, "my mother Mrs. Grahame, my sister. Take a seat near me and tell me of your arrival."

"I came on the steamer a few evenings ago, and went on to my native place, but as I could not accomplish my design, so I rapidly returned, and as I passed I thought it proper to call on you."

"Of course, that was exactly right, for we all have wanted to see you very much, since Willie's arrival; he has said so much of you and of your pious labors, that I wanted to have an opportunity of blessing you and thanking you for what you have done for us, and if the debt of gratitude can be paid we shall use our utmost endeavors to pay it," responded Mrs. Grahame.

"No flattery, dear madame, I have done no more than my duty, and if I failed in doing that it is not because of the will but of the ability. So I have been taught and so Holy Writ requires and I have endeavored but to perform my duty."

"You were well brought up," remarked Mr. Dowell.

"Yes, I trust so," He replied "I believe and ever have believed it to be my duty to instruct and act as is right; I know I am not to live for myself, but I am so to act, that God will be satisfied, so that the conscience will acquiesce though I know I cannot do this without Divine aid yet when thus aided, I can live as becometh me, I can live for the benefit of others for their good and for their welfare, and for the honor of my mother, and this I attempt to do in every act of my life."

"May God grant you grace and strength to persist in this good work, may He uphold you and strengthen your hands to every good work!"

"Amen," was the response of the heart from all.

Mr. Dowell resumed:

"Mr. Wood, I hope you will forgive my inquisitiveness, but it would give great pleasure to hear the story of your early days."

"Mr. Dowell, I dislike to refuse your request, yet I would prefer not to relate to you the story, for though I feel myself among friends, I would wish the history of my life to be unknown."

"Of course," answered Mr. Dowell "of course, you have a right to refuse, but the name 'Walton,' and the resemblance of your features to one I loved and love now, calls to my mind many dear yet mournful recollections. You will not object I suppose to my asking, if you are any relation of Mr. Wood that resided before his death in—?"

"I called him uncle, but I am no relation of his; he on the death of my mother took me up and cared for me and it is his name I bear. In early childhood, I think I was called something else, though it may be but a dream;—the name 'Walton' I retained and have since borne it; all the Woods have died and I do not know therefore the particulars of my mother's death nor even the name, if my dreamings are true."

"Walton, do you recollect your mother, her form, or her features?"

"No I can't say that I do; all I can remember is a frail form, bowed down with distress, who smoothed my hair, washed my face, and prayed with me morning and night. I remember something also of the death bed, and she gave me a testament, precious to my inmost soul, and a few words of advice which I have humbly endeavored to obey."

Mr. Dowell asked: "Will you let me see that testament; it may reveal astonishing things yet?"

"I see," replied Wood at the same time handing him a well worn testament "I see you are going to 'inch' the story of my life from me any how."

Mr. Dowell opened the fly leaf and saw written: "To my wife from an absent husband"—and immediately below it: "Given to my son, on my death-bed."

"great white throne," are rudely yawned, and the day of millennial glory will not be far distant, when it will be the delight and service of each to be governed by laws of love!

"You are doubly dear to me now," said Mrs. Grahame to Walton "on account of your relationship to Mr. Dowell; twice the deliverer of my only son and now dear by another tie, we must consider you as one of our midst."

Walton Dowell could scarcely reply for joy. The tears, the dew that water the soul, the tears kept gushing, and his heart swelled until it seemed to choke him. Grief vanished and cares were given to the wind, he enjoyed the pleasure of looking upon the face of him who began him. While the father though not so overcome with joy as Walton appeared to be, was happy in silence, and strikingly expressed his feelings, when asked, by answering:

"I feel as if a great burden were taken off, my heart is light and I am happy."

He asked as a matter of course numerous questions with regard to his son and felt highly delighted at his accepting the call to the ministry, and was following the path his father before him took. About his situation, his charge, his health, about each and every thing that was dear and sacred he asked with feeling and with affection—and night fled rapidly away, ere they ceased their inquiries.

Sleep finally won the victory and after a fervent prayer of thanks and praise they parted for the night.

Rev. Mr. Dowell Jr., as he must now be styled, could not linger long in this season of joy and happiness. His labors called him to return and he could not forsake his duty to grant himself pleasure, and after a few days he departed.

This was an agreeable surprise to all parties concerned, and many of the villagers congratulated the old pastor on the discovery, if such it might be called, of his son, and wished him a long life of happiness. Every body wished to see the "new preacher Dowell," the "parson's son" and every expression of joy was made.

But Will too had lingered a long while from his business and felt himself compelled to return and amidst promises of frequent letters and frequent visits left him and the circle he had made so happy.

The old house seemed almost desolate, and now more than ever Louisa missed the society of Joseph Gibson, but she grieved not for his loss; she knew it was the will of Him who over rules all things, she knew that it was for her benefit that his wicked character was exposed at such a season.

Let us follow Grahame on his return to the city. He was pleased to see that all things prospered and his business was rapidly and steadily increasing, and that every thing tended to his prosperity and happiness. Rejoiced at this, he went to work with more zeal and earnestness than before, and in all things acknowledged the fostering hand of his father.

But a few days after his arrival in the city, he was suddenly surprised by a visit from one who had made sure the destruction of many souls, who had endured the curse of the law, and was now a fugitive from justice—it was in short no one, but the murderer—Robert Springs—he who had ruined Louis Chester and had laid him in a gambler's grave, who had plotted the destruction of Willie Grahame, and had it not been for the interposition of a kind Providence, would have succeeded in his hellish design.

"Help me, help me," said the deceiver in a muttered tone "help me, the police are close in my track."

"Man!" replied Grahame in a stern voice, "man, I wish not to know you, leave my room."

Already the sound of the policeman's footsteps on the stairs were distinctly heard, and Springs quaked for fear; but soon with a muttered curse decided for himself, and jumping hastily he blew out the light and leaped out of the open window. Grahame heard the noise and supposing it to be the fall of Springs through the window, he rushed with a lighted torch to the yard below, and saw the wretched form, bloody and lifeless. He had gone to meet that eternal reward which awaited him.

The papers of the day were filled with flaming accounts of the event, and the news was circulated far and wide, and a general blessing was given to the accident which caused his destruction, for every where he was a scourge and a plague.

This world is a deceitful world, yet amidst its deceit and wickedness, there is a universal approbation of the right. Tyrants fall and nations tremble. An act of self-denial deserves to be obtained the commendation even of the false and fleeing world. A man of people is not so corrupted as to give precedence in a desperate cause; there are those "aud the through who do the wrong, but the most go for the right," and praise will be duly given to a good deed.

"The months went round and I was in my hurried course,"

and brought Will many a sweet letter from his father. Tidings are best told in this way, and we will make a few extracts:

"Dear Son—Your nice long letter reached us and gave us great pleasure, but it saddened our hearts to hear the dreadful end of Robert Springs. Mr. Dowell cried till his eyes were sore and then cried again, but he cheers us up with that loved expression 'Tis all for the best.'"

"Did you ever notice the truth of the Psalmist's statement that 'the way of the transgressor is hard'?" Nothing in this life can prosper him, whom God does not choose to prosper, and I want you ever to bear that in mind in the prosecution of your business. Louis Chester and Robert Springs are sad warnings, I must confess, but they sealed their own destruction, and may serve to frighten others out of their evil ways and to turn them in the path of rectitude, to bid them do their duty. You too, Willie, had it not been for the Divine will, would have suffered the judgment that awaits them. But, you were plucked as a brand from the burning, and have great reason to rejoice. God has blessed us infinitely more than we deserve, and we ought to be thankful even for our afflictions."

"Mr. Dowell thinks of resigning the pastoral charge here; he feels most too old to preach now so he says, but our people don't like the idea of giving him up at all and are using their utmost endeavors to persuade him to remain. He is getting very feeble and you know he has been in affliction all his life."

"Louisa bids me tell you as a great secret that she is to be married before long, and she thinks that she has made a better selection and one with which you will be better pleased than before. Who is her choice she will not let me tell you, but wishes you to be ready and pay us a visit when the wedding comes off. Of course when you come, you must bring Walton with you; we all like to see him and his visits are bright spots in our recollections."

"Have you no intentions yet, or do you expect to live and die an 'old bachelor'?" Let us hear from you and be advised of all your movements. I am not so much in the dark as you think I am, and as Walton recommends that Miss Clarke the daughter of your older partner, I expect I must consent to the match."

"Ever yours,"

Will read it again and again and laid it aside in his "box of treasures." Waits from home were always precious and he carefully preserved them all. With Walton he showed the secrets of his heart and when he came, the letter was reproduced for his benefit. Each puzzled themselves a long time about the most uninterpretable part concerning Louisa's marriage, and each retired with brighter dreams in prospect.

### TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### To R. W. J.

BY ECHO.

Robert, thou art young and gifted,  
Prize the talents God has given:  
Seek that pure and holy wisdom,  
Which prepares the soul for heaven.

Youth is seedtime of our future;  
As the spring is of the year;  
If we fail to cultivate it,  
Age will mourn and sorrows bear.

'Tis the time, when mind is pliant,  
Yielding as the morning's haze,  
Then beware, beware young Robert,  
Lest the meteor, sweep the blaze.

Guard thy heart, from evil influence,  
And from sin, the youthful eyes;  
Watch! beware of earth's pollutions,  
For they come in virtue's guise.

Life's a journey we must travel,  
Fraught with many a darkness hour;  
Even at best, youth's the season,  
To imbue our age with power.

To withstand the shoal and quicksands,  
Placed in ambush on our way,  
Virtue, wisdom, trust and candor,  
Fall not in thy store to lay.

And with all thy other trophies,  
One, I pray thee, not forget,  
'Tis religion—brightest jewel,  
Even in man's nature set.

'Tis a shield—a mighty scepter,  
Which will sway, where ever it goes,  
The healing balm, for all our afflictions,  
The antidote to all our woes.

Now fare thee well, we part forever,  
Yet accept this humble tribute,  
From thy warm, but stranger friend.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### Lottie Linwood.

BY MONT.

Bright as day-dawn's early ray,  
And beautiful as bright,  
She seemed an angel strayed away  
From Heaven's joy and light.

Gracious as the bounding fawn  
Upon the dewy lea,  
She tripped along the meadow lawn,  
And like the busy bee

Gathered sweets from every flower,  
That raised its tiny bell  
To catch the beauty of the hour,  
The morning's gleeful spell.

In my dreams, as on that day  
I met her every night,  
But vision like a fumes away  
Are the morning light.

### MUSIC.

BY WM. HAYES, M. D.

### NO. XXIV.—The Violin.

(CONTINUED.)

The violin is more abused than any other musical instrument; it charms every body, savage and civilized, Jew, Christian, and Infidel, and is so convenient for carriage that it may be taken any where. But, strange to say, many people, both bad and good, look on it as a wicked instrument; and enlightened men are, in consequence, subjected to the necessity of defending its character and of explaining what is right and what is wrong in reference to it. My readers may think it strange I should discuss, no matter how laconically, a principle of moral philosophy in an article devoted to music; but people in general think so superficially on the subjects of right and wrong, especially when music is concerned, that I must call attention to the following: An abstract action has no character and is neither good nor bad, morally; but a concrete action has a moral character. To illustrate: the abstract act of killing a human being is no crime, albeit the sixth command in the Decalogue says, "Thou shalt not kill;" for one may kill another accidentally, or when endeavoring with all his power and will to avoid doing it; and the New Testament, as explained in the Deed, is meant to prohibit murder. Murder is a concrete act, and is therefore a crime, and that of the deepest dye, for our Savior says, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murder, &c. The Divine law holds no man guilty of crime for an abstract action simply; nor does any human law that is not contrary to the Divine. Let us apply this principle of moral interpretation to violin playing and to players; I have said that both bad and good people consider it a sin to play this instrument; good people have seen every where perversions of it—seen it at every ball and dirty fandango whether got up by jeweled aristocrats whose pestiferous presence polluted the atmosphere of every court on earth, by negroes at cornshuckings or by crowds and debauchees, at groggshops and at brothels, those vestibules of hell—and they have concluded hence that the violin must be the Devil's instrument. Bad logic however; for singing, so much lauded and longed for by the pious, is used just as freely in every sink of sin as the violin is; and if that kind of reasoning were followed to its legitimate end, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and others, who reject the violin on account of the evil associations into which it is forced, would have to drop all their singing, and adopt a style of silent worship like the Friends. But preachers and people, who feel bound to hate all wrong and love the right alone, stop not to give a moment's close thought to this subject, but declare, *ex cathedra*, that fiddle-playing is of the Devil, and the man who performs it is a sinner who is seated in unquestionably in the synagogs of Satan. Such being the decision of all unreading, unreasoning fathers and mothers in Israel, the younger Christians stand trembling, when they hear the sound of a violin, like a flock of doves scared by the scream of a Kite, and feel pretty sure the Devil has come to town just ready to clutch up every unfortunate wight who does not stop his ears and steel his heart against the bewitching sounds of the unholy instrument.

And so the great mass of Christians, old and young, conclude that violin playing is wrong, and they are not backward to visit with rebukes every player that crosses their path. Men of the world seeing such array of piety and moral worth against violin playing conclude likewise, and without examination, that it is wrong; but nevertheless, feeling their souls irresistibly charmed by the music decide to have it any how, right or wrong. And thus, taking their flight at second hand from their half informed friends in the church, and believing it to be a sin to play the violin, even while they do it, they are guilty of sin in the act, just because they believe it wrong and still persevere to do it. They have a purpose of rebellion in their hearts, and this makes an otherwise innocent act, or even right, a sin. It is high time that some other matters deemed sinful, were looked into through the speculum of an enlightened reason, and not through the blurred and rotten goggles of tradition and of prejudice. To Christians who think it sinful to listen to a violin it is a sin, if they do it, on the ground stated above; and on that ground alone the playing, studying or listening to the instrument wrong. But alas! how some people will strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, and the violin; to wit: I once knew an old lady, a Methodist whose morals, as I was once shocked by the sound of the violin, that she would leave, in a huff, if any one dared to play it in her presence; but in the same important matter of telling falsehoods she would have done for a companion of old David Childers, who used to muse bad boys in the western part of Forsyth Co. N. C. She has since turned Harshill Baptist; but I am not aware that her horror of the violin, or her love of the grotesque in tale-telling has undergone any change. I know also a good

old negro, who gravely informed me that he used to play the violin, but now he was a different man. And verily I believe this grey haired son of our Uncle Ham would almost as soon think of touching the split in one of old Cooty's hoofs as to improvise a tune on this instrument; but he is, as that truly wise and good man, Rev. Charles D. Mallory D. D., said of another, "a boy of a short memory;" for about four thousand years ago God commanded all men, from amidst the thunders and lightnings of Mount Sinai, to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and this boy seems to have forgotten all about it;" for to my own knowledge he takes that day to do his trading, although he has all the while had enough of week-day leisure for all of it.

One Christmas day I dined with an old Methodist, in one of the whiskey growing regions of North Carolina, who was so drunk he could hardly eat, and was engaged the while in landing Methodism, and in rebuking his really plain, sensible, pious daughters for not being sufficiently good Methodists. I doubt not that he would, in that extatic hour, have been nearly ready to go into convulsions had any body begun to play a violin in his hearing; as the sight of water makes rabid animals foam, and roll, and jerk, and almost give up the ghost.

How many men have I known during the four decades of my earthly journey who would lie and cheat, get drunk, use blackguard talk, and curse and swear with consciences seemingly as calm as a lake in fair weather, but let a violin come in sight, and lo! what a storm? Old Boreas himself, riding the blast in full career could not raise the billows to a more angry height than the innocent reverberations of cat-gut raised the storm in their souls.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Reading for the Young.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY STEPHEN F. MILLER.

To be of service to every dear to him, as well as to young men generally who might happen to read them, the author conceived the plan of writing a series of letters, addressed as above, through the *Southern Democrat*. The first number appeared on the 29th December, 1853, and others weekly, until No. VIII., when, owing to the removal of the press to another town, the letters were discontinued. They are here republished with the hope of doing good.

### LETTER VII.

It is proper for you to know all about life,—to experience more than you are willing to encounter,—to dive into deep caverns, as well as fly to the hilltops, in order to take a broad view. You would fain rest between the two extremes, just on the happy line where riches neither surfeit nor poverty extinguishes the taste for enjoyment. You desire peace of mind, and the question is, how shall you obtain it? Bear with me if I am a little extravagant in my terms, if I combat all your preconceived opinions on the subject.

I know your ideas, for I have heard you express them, relative to property, education, refinement, success, honor, and that if a person happens to possess the corner-stone, wealth, he can found as much happiness on it, as much honor, as any reasonable man ought to wish. In short, you believe, as a large majority of mankind persuade themselves, that wealth is the only source of happiness, in this.—It will procure you good eating every day,—roast beef, pig, turkey, veal, mutton, wild game of all sorts, all the fruits of the tropics, oranges, pineapples, nuts, and other delicacies of the kind, besides all the productions of the orchard and the garden in our own country.

Now, your mouth begins to drip at this bill of fare. Rich as it is, you think of adding some good old wines, claret, madeira, sherry, Johannisberger; and if may be you would like to sprinkle up with champagne, for the sake of the delightful visions it is capable of producing. At this stage of the banquet you could relish a song,—yes, become witty and musical in a high degree, and forthwith some one or two, or all of the company, to making noise, and the "Marseilles" blare out to Cuba, Senora, and other popular spots of the world, as the right heritage of the "Sons of Freedom." Then "Bruce's Address" fires you all up with desperate energy. "Who would be a coward slave, let him turn and flee!" Here begin the Lopez and "President Walker" exploits. Large territories are seized by a dinner, proclamation, and you are all Generals, Presidents, Ministers of State, in imagination,—the only tenure by which you and your braves can ever hold office, so long as you allow the "well-head" fancies to disturb your brain. You must cast them off, as the lion shakes the dew from his mane, and come out a rational being.

Let me ask you, in all seriousness, are you content to barter off your native sobriety and manliness,—the upright will, the calm reflection, the noble motives, the strong sense, the steady character, for the

the minds youth properly trained,—are you willing to sacrifice all these qualities, these treasured sources of future good, merely to obtain the privilege of converting, the divinity within you into the coarseness of the brute? Startle not at the picture; it is true, and I regret that it is true.—For my sake, for the sake of your father's memory, the hopes of the future, both in this world and the next, no longer tolerate the silly notion that wealth is to be preferred and sought above all other objects because it will enable its possessor to live in ease, to avoid the labor both of mind and body which human weakness so much dreads in passing from the cradle to the tomb. I tell you, with the utmost solemnity, that no error is more palpable, more destructive. Adversity is a friend, not a foe. Rather commiserate the rich young man who is indulged with late morning naps, delicate viands, servants to execute every order, from leading guns for the chase, getting ready the fishing tackle, and the carriage to ride in, and when the exhausting work of the day is over, bringing refreshments and put him to bed! What chance is there for such a youth to become a man of action, a leader in public affairs, or even qualified to make a good justice of the peace? I would not give a bushel of guano or any other strong fertilizer for a regiment of such beings. They are ciphers in society, consuming the products of other men's labor without yielding the least profit in any form whatever. Miserable creatures, they have been made wealthy by possessing what you and I so anxiously desired,—rich fathers and plenty of leisure, every thing at command to make us gentlemen from the time our mothers equipped us in the first suit of male clothing.

Yet, in spite of this evidence, this certain effect of riches to keep young men from developing their mental powers, we all crave property for our children. We strive to obtain all we possibly can, to give them a favorable introduction, to open their way, secure respect, and surround them with those appliances which promote comfort and gratify pride. In theory I condemn all this,—all truckling to such influences,—and claim to be a philosopher, on paper; yet in practice I am a thing of small value, just as little benefited by experience as you are likely to be after all this education. Permit me, however, to remark, that had I been specially lectured and admonished in my youth by a man in whom I had confidence,—by one who had passed through as many trying vicissitudes as you know I have passed through,—a man endeared to me by many sacred memories,—I verily believe I should have accepted his tender of service and navigated my bark within his soundings. Why should you distrust me? What motive can possibly induce me to alarm you without cause? I see you nearing the rapids; and I, your father's friend, one who vividly calls to mind the innocence and promise of your childhood, —I look on, while you, and others of the same name and disposition, are drifting in the current, soon to rush over the awful Niagara! I call at the top of my voice, I speak to you in trumpet-tongue, to strike for the shore and be saved.

I beseech you not to feel aggrieved at the earnest figure of speech I have used, nor infer that I see any thing in your conduct to authorize rebuke. No, my dear friend: nothing of the kind exists. You are sailing on a smooth lake, fed by rivulets of crystal purity; your habits are above reproach, and I know your principles to be upright, your future encouraging. But I wish to keep you in a regular course for the latitude of heaven,—to give you the latitude and longitude occasionally, that you may know the moral compass is to be relied on. I am a veteran on the sea of life, a weather-beaten tar, who for months and years have been driven at random, sometimes on the stormy Atlantic and then on the calm Pacific of human adventure. I have struck on concealed rocks, and dragged on many a sandreef,—have been wrecked, and have been saved by friendly hands. Here I am to succor you in the gale, to launch my boat for your rescue,—another Capt. Creighton, of the "Three Belts," to stand by you for "humanity's sake" as we have after wave parts the deck of your "California" vessel. Be of good cheer. As I sail along your coast, I shall hoist friendly signals now and then, to remind you that I am hovering for your preservation and that of the young crew exposed to the same peril. Each of you possess elements of wealth, of happiness, within yourselves, of far greater value than the golden rocks of that "California" to which your fond vision is turned. It will be my aim, it is certainly my desire, to reduce those elements to practical use, to make the task worthy of a more skilful mechanic in building up character; yet I shall do the best I can in performing it.

A doctor told a patient that he must give him an emetic. "It is no use," said the patient, "I have tried it twice before, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

"Although the devil be the father of lies," remarks Swift, "he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvement of his inventions, ever at hand to be made upon them."





GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1865.

C. C. COLV. J. W. ALBRIGHT. EDITORS.

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## Slaves Forbidden the Bible.

In the Times of the 10th inst. is a short reply to an article in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which it is said—"throughout the South no book could be distributed among the servile population more incendiary than the Bible;" and therefore the slaves are forbidden its teachings by the laws of the State.

The writer in the *Monthly* was referred in refutation of his assertion to the many Missionaries whose sole business it was to preach to the slaves, and visit from house to house reading to them the Bible; and enforcing its truths upon them. Many a large slave owner pays the entire expense of a Missionary, for his own slaves; those being much more subject to law and order who have the full advantage of Bible instruction. And in sections not thus provided, the churches send the Missionaries from the proceeds of the Missionary Funds, so that every slave has the privilege of the Gospel.

We were pained in reading the article in the *Monthly*, that any one could be either so ignorant, or regardless of the truth; but it remained for another to move our feelings more indignantly by a most wilful and diabolical perversion. We are conservative in principle, conceding to every man whether of the North or of the South, his full dues, and have no patience with fanaticism: yea, would it were no worse than fanaticism. But there is no expression or combination of words that can truthfully paint the degradation and selfishness of the soul that would be guilty knowingly of such wilful slanders and tradings as the following from the pen of Dr. Beecher; a man who knows better if he only had the soul to show it.

Mr. Hunter has been connected with the *Times* as corresponding Editor since its beginning, traveling in more than half of the States of the Union. He was in Richmond, Virginia, a short while since, and sends us the following copy of a communication he made to the "Religious Herald," of that city:

We clip the following paragraph from a New Hampshire journal:

Henry Ward Beecher, in his "Life Thoughts," says:—"The Bible Society is sending its Bibles all over the world—to Greenland and the Moors, to Arabia and Egypt; but it does not send them to our own people. The collector who should leave a Bible in a slave's cabin would go to heaven from the least link of the first tree."

If Henry Ward Beecher, or our Northern exchanges who only this calumny against the Christianity of the South, will send us a thousand Bibles, we engage that they shall be left, every one, in the cabins of slaves! We engage, moreover, that not a syllable of complaint on this account shall fall from the lips of any Virginia gentleman—though he stands apart from the church himself—Religious Herald.

Messrs. Editors:

Having read the above, from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, and your comments thereon, I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the truth uttered by you in pronouncing it a "calumny against the Christianity of the South." As an humble laborer in the vineyard of God, I have been engaged for more than a year as a voluntary collector to Georgia and other Southern States, and through the liberality of the inhabitants of those States, (slaves included) have been nobly sustained in the good work; and although I have not as yet taken my departure "to Heaven from the least link of a tree," and if I never "abandon off this mortal coil" until the citizens of the South shall deem proper to send me heavenward in the way and for the act mentioned in that vile, slanderous article, I shall probably live as long, at least, as the venerable Methuselah, the predictions of abolition prophets to the contrary notwithstanding.

As I am now making arrangements to prosecute the collector work on a larger scale than heretofore, and am greatly in want of Bibles, I hope Henry Ward Beecher, or some other Northern traducer of Southern Christianity, will set upon your suggestion and forward Bibles, (at least to

the amount expended by them not long since in the purchase of Sharpe's rifles, with which to extend Northern Christianity in "bleeding Kansas," as I stand ready to pledge myself to distribute them "in the cabins of the slave," with the assurance to the donors, they will never hear a word of complaint from any man, woman or child, south of Mason's and Dixon's Line.

This proposition is made in good faith and if any Northern "negro-sympathizers" will accept it, and thus back their pretended sympathy with their purse, (a thing not common among them, except in violation of the eighth command, to aid some "underground railroad.") I will refer them to some of the best men, South and North, as a guarantee that the pledge will be redeemed.

Becher-Philanthropists, send on the Bibles, (without the rifles, powder, or balls,) and when next you pen an article on the South, or the institution Northern cupidity foisted upon the South, ponder well the short sentence to be found in Exod. 20: 15, and the Poet's comment thereon.

Beware the tongue that's set on fire of hell, And flames in slander, falsehood, perjury. Speak not too much, nor without thought; let truth be all things, small or great, dwell on thy lips. Remember, God hath said, "He that in words Offends not, is a perfect man," while he That bristles not his tongue, deceives himself. And shows his faith to the world.

WM. R. HUNTER.

## National Teachers' Association.

The First Annual Meeting of the National Teachers' Association will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., August 11th.

At this meeting lectures are expected from the following distinguished educators, viz:

Introductory Address by the President, Z. Richards, principal of a classical school, Washington, D. C.

Lecture by J. D. Philbrick, Superintendent of schools, Boston, Mass.

Lecture by J. N. McElligott, principal of a classical school, New York City.

Lecture by Daniel Read, professor in the University of Wisconsin.

Lecture by John Young, professor in the North Western Christian University, Indiana.

Lecture by Hon. John B. Mallard, Georgia.

Lecture by Hon. Calvin H. Wiley, North Carolina.

## SUBJECTS FOR DISCUSSION.

1. The expediency and justice of maintaining free schools throughout our country by general taxation.

2. Parochial schools: Are they in harmony with the spirit of American institutions?

3. Mixed schools: The propriety and expediency of educating both sexes together, in the same classes.

The order of exercises will be announced at the meeting. Measures have been taken to make this assembling a grand National Teachers' Jubilee! Many of the most prominent friends of education from the several States and Canada, are expected to be present and take part in the exercises. State, County, and other Educational Associations, are respectfully invited to send delegates. Members and delegates are requested to report themselves, on their arrival at Cincinnati, at the office of A. J. Rickoff, Superintendent of schools.

The Local Committee, at Cincinnati, at the head of which is Mr. Superintendent Rickoff, is doing all that can be done to secure the objects of the meeting. It is expected that a reduction of fare on the principal roads will be made.

The following delegates were appointed at the late meeting of the State Educational Association, at Statesville, to represent North Carolina: Rev. C. H. Wiley, Rev. B. Craven, Rev. J. H. Brent.

## Circus Outrages.

It is a favorable time to agitate the question of raising the tax on Circus exhibitions. Next Winter the Legislature meets, and the highbanded outrages of the Roberson Circus, now traveling in every county of the State, will fully arouse the people to the necessity of passing some law forbidding the entrance of such an exhibition into the State, or of raising the tax so high as to deter them, from selfish motives. We observe the Legislature has the right to do either, but we should prefer the first.

This Circus is a fair specimen of all such exhibitions, and it very seldom passes a place without greater or less disturbances. During the exhibition at Salisbury last week, a citizen was so severely wounded on the head with a club, that his life is in a critical condition; and but for the timely interference of the Police and Military, there might have been a general row with the loss of many lives. A correspondent of the *Iredell Express* writes from Wilkesboro; that "some difficulty having occurred between a citizen of the county and the showman, the lawless band of actors, arming themselves with axes and clubs, commenced a promiscuous slaughter, causing the whole crowd of about one thousand or more to make a simultaneous rush for fire arms into the village, with full intent if possible to shoot down the whole band of wretches on the spot. But happily for the sake of good order, it was prevented, by the arrest and conviction of six of the villains, confining them in jail, the others leaving times as security for

their appearance. It is much regretted that several of the most guilty made their escape, owing to the great confusion at the commencement. Four of our county men were badly mangled, but it is hoped they will recover. The writer gives this publicity, that citizens of adjoining counties may be prepared in a proper way, to protect themselves from unguarded outrages at the hands of unprincipled miscreants."

We name these instances as examples of the almost daily outrages of these traveling nuisances. They are now in a part of the State South East of this, where the past ought to teach a warning lesson, especially in Chatham and Sampson.

But until the people are defended from these outrages by the legislature, let them be on their guard and protect themselves.

## Our Book Table.

MYRTLE LEAVES: OR, TOKENS AT THE TOMB. By Abijah W. Mangum, of the North Carolina Conference. Price 40 cents.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this neat little volume of 124 pages.

Its title page fitly illustrates the contents of the book. No sorrowing heart but may find a word of consolation in one or more of the 24 different sketches. And as the grief strokes fall upon the heart, how pleasant to have a word of consolation fitly spoken. Words as a voice speaking from within the gloom-cloud that overshadows the drooping heart—words that may not promise present oblivion to troubles and griefs, but that pledge a blessed balm. Who are free from troubles? "Man that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble." And how often our troubles but blessings in disguise? "For every thing viewed on earth," whether afflictions, or blessings, "well pondered, leads the soul to Heaven." Not knowing the day nor the hour when trouble may overtake you; when your heart may have to mourn; store away the "Myrtle Leaves" against the time to come, that you may have joy amid your trouble, and be able to discern the hand of God in the cloud, as He spans it with the bow of promise.

Copies of the *Myrtle Leaves* may be had of the author by addressing him at "Chapel Hill N. C."

We owe the author an apology for not acknowledging the receipt of the "Myrtle Leaves" sooner, as the book was placed upon our table about two months ago. But before we had read the work, some one removed it, and we have just received it back.

## THE FLY LEAF.

Is a quarterly magazine, published by the Senior Class, at College Temple, Newnan, Ga., at one dollar a year, devoted to the improvement of the Senior Class, the promotion of Southern authorship and the elevation of woman. The April number, which is before us, speaks well of the publication and we hope our Southern ladies will extend to it the encouragement it so well deserves.

A new North Carolina book is shortly to be published, entitled "A Wreath from the Woods of Carolina," comprising a series of moral and religious stories, illustrated by colored engravings of the most beautiful wild flowers in the forests of this State.

The Local Committee, at Cincinnati, at the head of which is Mr. Superintendent Rickoff, is doing all that can be done to secure the objects of the meeting. It is expected that a reduction of fare on the principal roads will be made.

## Private Corner.

The "Corner" feels under many obligations to our many esteemed correspondents for their favors. The third page of the *Times* will acknowledge the receipt of several letters that can speak for themselves, and to which we call attention. Letters of familiar correspondence often convey as much news as the same space devoted to "News Items," besides the advantage of a spiciness unknown to the dry items.

In addition to these letters, the Corner acknowledges the receipt of three poems, the *Thorn Bird*, I cannot forget thee, I watch for thee, and a beautiful letter from Matilda. And it is not for the purpose of exciting envy with our readers, but we must say, "corner" often receives the very cream from the pens of those who contribute to the *Times* in the shape of private letters. We often wish we could share them with you, dear reader, our heart's sympathies go out after you, but our lips are sealed by the emphatic mandate, "don't publish." Now how can we help it?

At last, a poem by S. J. Whittlesey, Music Songs, J. Starr Holloway; the Life Boat, a sketch, and Farewell, a poem, Chas. E. W. Dobbs; Of hasten to return, a poem, Wm. Benj. Smith; to Miss Sallie E. W., and Prepare for death, poems, Hugh; The Destiny, a poem, Mary W. Janvrie; Acrostic, Leon; Value of reading Newspapers, Viola; Music, 28, 29, 30. Dr. Hauser; The haunted Church, a Story by "the Major;" will write you; Inkings of the Ance Club, George W. Damas. Glad to get the continuation of the Inkings; Imagination vs. Reality, a long poem, Miss E. M., of Georgia, travelling by mail since March; Arithmetical Questions, Marcus; To Julian, Grace Millwood; The Flowers, a sketch, and Life is what we make it, a ballad, Wanderer. These many contributions will make rich repasts for our readers, and we intend to serve them as fast as the Press can work.

We call attention to Mr. Kemmerer's card in another column—Concert Tuesday evening.

## Leisure Readings;

## A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

Address by R. P. Dick, Esq.

Delivered on the 26th June, 1858, at the laying of the Corner Stone of Oulford Court House.

BRETHREN—LADIES—MY COUNTRYMEN:

Nearly thirty centuries ago, King Solomon stood on Mount Moriah to lay the foundation of that magnificent Temple which he had prepared to build unto the God of Israel. Around him were Master Builders and expert Craftsmen, well skilled in all kinds of cunning and curious work, who had come from the tribes of Israel, and from Tyre and Sidon by the sea. Before him were collected the olive-wood, fir-tree, and cedars of Lebanon, stones well polished and precious from the distant quarries, and his coffers were overflowing with the jewels of the East, and the gold of Ophir. Deep and strong were the foundation stones laid, and slowly and silently the grand structure rose beneath the eye of the Master Builder, and the hand of the cunning Craftsman. For seven years they labored, and no sound of axe, hammer, or any tool of iron was heard neither did any jarring discord disturb the peace and harmony of that fraternal band; for though they were of different tribes and nations, there was a secret mysterious influence which made them dwell together in unity.

When the Temple was completed, Solomon came with numerous offerings and costly and precious incense to consecrate it unto the Lord. What a grand and wonderful spectacle was there presented! From Dan to Beersheba; from the mountains of Gilead to the sea; the Tribes of Israel had come up to the consecration. What patriotic pride and rapture must have filled every Hebrew's heart, when he beheld the Holy Temple over-looking the sacred City of his Fathers.

There it rose magnificently beautiful like a mountain of polished marble, covered with the living golden sunlight, gleaming like the smile of God. Well now might Jerusalem be called "The City of God," and Zion "The mountain of his holiness."—"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." Well now might every Hebrew exclaim, "If I forgot thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

But the Hebrews soon forgot the God of their Fathers—Israel was severed in twain—the Egyptian spoiler came, and the glory of the Temple was desecrated. Still they would not hearken unto the voice of the Lord, and He gave them over into the hands of their enemies. Then the ruthless Chaldeans came and the Temple was overthrown. The Ark of the Covenant was carried away with unhalloed hands—the Shekinah no longer dwelt between the Cherubim above the mercy seat—the voice of the Urim and Thummim was hushed—no longer did the altar smoke with the acceptable sacrifice and holy incense—the captive children of Abraham laid the sacred homes and graves of their Fathers, and in sadness and sorrow sat down by the dark waters of Babel, and hung their tattered harps upon the willows, and they "wept when they remembered Zion."

The building of Solomon's Temple is an event of peculiar interest to every Mason. Then was organized that institution which he so fondly cherishes, and which has conferred so many blessings upon the human race. Many of its mysteries existed before that period, but Solomon, the wisest of men, first reduced them to a system of order, harmony and beauty. More than a hundred thousand Craftsmen were then bound together in a holy brotherhood by links more precious than the gold of Ophir, and they have proved to be indestructible by time.

After the completion of the Temple, our Ancient Brethren became despoiled in every land and clime, and carried with them the sacred mysteries, and the sublime and beautiful truths which have been handed down to us. Amid the gross moral darkness which for ages covered the earth, they preserved the great and sublime truth, that there is but one God, and the soul of man is immortal. Faint indeed was the holy light that shone upon their pathway. With anxious eyes they watched the little star in the thick darkness, and with longing hearts they desired more light, but they were unable to attain unto the excellence of a perfect knowledge. And there came "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight"—and then the morning star of Bethlehem ushered in the Glorious Sun of Righteousness, and the "good tidings of great joy were proclaimed unto men."

Far be it from me to compare Masonry with Christianity. The one is inferior to the other, as the works of man are to the works of God—the one may assist in teaching the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—the other alone can teach us the first great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Christianity is the great living light which covers the earth wherever it falls with glory and beauty. Masonry is one of the lesser lights casting the reflected rays of brotherly love, virtue, and charity into many a human heart, it soothes the widow's weeping heart, and stiles the orphan's tear.

No good Mason can disbelieve the truths of the Christian religion. It is not my purpose to enter upon the history and benefits of Masonry. My information would not permit, even were it appropriate to this occasion. Suffice it to say, that the institution has existed for nearly thirty centuries, survived the wreck of empires, passed through the fiery furnace of persecution, and increased in wisdom, strength and beauty. It seems to have the vitality of truth, and the diffusiveness of light. Nearly every where you can find Masons whose hearts will kindly with brotherly love at the mystic signs and tokens of our Order. They dwell in the majestic forests, where the Columbian and Rocky mountains are flowing—among the Willows where the homeless Trapper and Gold-hunter are roving—and the golden land of the Indians, in the sunny isles of the sea—where romantic odors from spicy shores are breathing, where the Acacia is swelling and the Arbutus is blooming. You will find them in China and Japan; and they followed Havelock in his glorious march, and their blood was poured and their shouts of triumph heard

along the blazing lines of Cawpoore and Lucknow. They still dwell by the Euphrates and in the holy land—beside the majestic tombs of the Pharaohs and along those classic shores where Athens is mouldering, and the "Eternal City" sits in bondage and weeps over desecrated altars, and the graves of her glory.

I know that it is a matter of surprise to many persons, that Masons should be selected to lay the Corner Stones of buildings. Until a comparatively recent period, all Masons were operative workmen. They erected the most magnificent structures that ever rose upon the earth. They were the promoters of all the arts and sciences, and were very familiar with those beautiful styles of architecture which have so long claimed the admiration of the world. In the middle ages they were selected to lay the foundations and build the cathedrals and sacred edifices, for they were the most expert and scientific workmen, and generally led virtuous lives, and were observant of all the christian duties as then understood. In this way a custom was established which has been handed down to speculative Masons.

Brethren, we have met here to-day to lay the Corner Stone of a Temple of Justice where the law should set supreme in its majesty, holding with impartial hand those golden scales in which are weighed life, liberty, fortune, and sacred honor. Here the weak should find protection from the oppressors wrong, and the voice of truth, virtue and innocence which pleads mightily, should always have prevail. Let us endeavor to do our duty to society faithfully and fearlessly, that justice may always be triumphant. Let no record here ever bear evidence of Mason's crime, or of his wilful wrong to his fellow man. Justly never desert this her sacred shrine, but always administer the law in its purity, unswayed by prejudice, unobscured by station or wealth, and undeterred by power.

Brethren, we have Master Builders here to-day, who have laid the foundation of this Temple of Justice. They have already built for themselves a character and name which honor them, and will be a rich legacy to their children. Beneath their skillful hands this structure will rise in strength and beauty—the pride of our country—an ornament to our town—and I hope it may remain an enduring monument to the liberality of our people—the faithfulness of the Committee, and the taste and integrity of the Architect and Builders.

The Corner Stone has always been regarded as the most important and essential part of every edifice. It should be laid truly and securely, for if removed, the beauty and strength of the edifice is destroyed. This ceremony should teach us how important it is, to lay properly the Corner Stone of every moral edifice. It should teach us our duty to ourselves, our country and God. We should remember that honesty, virtue, and truth, are the only sure corner stones on which the edifice of character can be erected, which the beauty of calumny can never tarnish—the undercurrent of envy, and the storms of malice cannot overturn, and the fires of trial and persecution cannot consume.

With such characters, we will become corner stones, binding together the elements of society in order and harmony, and give strength and proportion to the whole structure. This ceremony should also remind us of our duty as citizens. The Corner Stone of this glorious fabric of freedom under which we live, is the constitution, surrounded by the virtue, intelligence and patriotism of our people. Holier offerings than corn, wine, and oil, were made at its consecration. It was consecrated by the prayers and tears of our fathers—by the purest blood that ever flowed from patriot hearts, and by the blessings of our God. May it always remain as sacred and inviolable as the Ark of the Covenant, untouched and unspotted by unhallowed hands, and may this edifice of freedom continue to rise in glory and beauty, and like the Temple of old, be sanctified by the presence of God, and be indeed "the joy of the whole earth."

Lastly, Brethren, this ceremony should teach us the importance of building the edifice of our spiritual hopes upon the "well tried and precious corner-stone which God has laid in Zion." Build on this sure foundation, and the rain may descend, the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon that house, and it will fall not; but shelter us in security and peace, and when our earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, we will have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

Utah.

As the army approaches nearer Salt Lake, the news from that quarter becomes of more interest. We give below some later details:

St. JOSEPH, July 7, via Boonville, July 12.—The Salt Lake mail of June 19th has arrived.

Gen. Johnston and his command were met at Echo Canon, fifty miles from Salt Lake City. The army was in excellent health and spirits. Brigham Young and his followers were still at Provo city.

Young had been to Salt Lake City to confer with Governor Cumming and the peace commissioners, but the results of the conference were not known. It was the established opinion that the Mormons would offer no resistance.

Col. Hoffman led the command of Fort Bridger to Capt. Marcy, and accompanied Gen. Johnston.

Everything regarding the future movements of the Mormons was veiled in mystery. Rumors were still rife, however, that they meditated an occupancy of Sonora.

The conjectures are numerous in the valley that the United States government intends to purchase the Mormons' improvements.

The Salt Lake river is very high, but the roads are in good condition. The mail party neither met nor saw Indians on the plains, but met a great many traders at different points on the road. The mail was nineteen days out from Salt Lake City to St. Joseph.

The same dispatch says that Judge Sineclair, recently appointed associate judge for Utah, would leave St. Joseph on the 10th of July, accompanied by Mr. Dodge, the district attorney for Utah.

PORT LEAVENWORTH, July 8, via St. Louis, July 12.—An express arrived at the fort this morning from Fort Kearney.

The express passed the Utah mail for St. Joseph. It is said that Governor Cumming and the peace commissioners had concluded a treaty of peace with the Mormons.

Gen. Harney was in camp, six miles beyond Fort Kearney, on the 3d of July.

## The express with orders for him to halt

more overtaken him on the 6th.

The U. S. steamer Mink leaves the fort to-morrow, with Capt. Lovell and Lee's companies 2d infantry for Fort Randall.

She also takes recruits for the same regiment.

Colonel May's command was met thirty-five miles this side of Fort Laramie. A large body of infantry was at Ash Hollow. Major Emory was encamped on the Big Blue.

The provision train were progressing finely. The Sioux Indians were scattered all along the route, but were friendly. A heavy snow fell at Fort Bridger on the 10th of June. The garrison at Fort Bridger consisted of Capt. Hendrickson's and Lieut. Smith's companies of the 6th infantry, and Capt. Stewart's troops of the first cavalry.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

By THE CANADA, Liverpool, July 8d.

The news is not of much importance. The bill allowing the House of Commons to admit Jews as members passed a second reading in the House of Lords by 46 majority.

Parliament would be prorogued before the end of July.

There is nothing important from France. The Spanish ministry have resigned and a new cabinet was being formed by Gen. O'Donnell as minister of foreign affairs.

The advices from Manchester are favorable. Holders were demanding an advance in prices, which checked business.

## FROM THE CABLE FLEET.

NEW YORK, July 17.—Letters from the Cable Fleet, by the Alice Monroe, state that the Agamemnon experienced the most violent southerly gales. That vessel was driven as far North as lat. 54 deg.,—much higher than the rendezvous. The Niagara behaved in all respects like a thorough sea-going vessel. The Agamemnon, on the contrary, suffered severely, and at one time all hopes of saving her were lost, so great was her straining; but the storm subsided at last, and she rode out the gale. An accident, however, occurred on board, caused by the breaking loose of the connections which held the cable in position on the gun-deck, letting the coil shift its position. As it pitched about, two seamen were injured, and other accidents occurred.

The two vessels and tenders finally arrived on the ground on the morning of the 26th. The two ends of the cable were united, but the paying out hardly commenced before the wire snapped. After a few hours detention, another splice was made and the steamers again started. Signals were kept up; and a message was transmitted every 15 minutes. All was going on well. Forty miles were paid out, when the electricians on the Niagara discovered that the circuit was again broken. The Niagara immediately put about and had reached the mid-ocean rendezvous, when seen by the Alice Monroe.

It was believed on board the Niagara that the second breaking was caused by a kink in the Agamemnon's wire from its disarrangement during the gale.

## Matters in Rio Janeiro.

We perceive that the Americans have been entirely successful, and that their contract for the Don Pedro II. Railroad was signed on the 10th of May in the presence of Hon. R. K. Meade, the American Minister, and Robert G. Scott, Esq., U. S. Consul. On the 12th, the Contractors, now in Brazil, (Messrs. Roberts, Harvey and Harrah), proceeded to their new field of operations, accompanied by some hands and implements, and immediately commenced their preparations for beginning the work. On the 17th there was a formal "breaking of ground"—Col. Garrett, the Chief Engineer of the Railroad Company, taking out the first shovel full, beneath the United American and Brazilian flags, in the presence of a number of Brazilians, assembled from the neighborhood, who were much gratified with the ceremonies. The sentiments, which were heartily responded to by all present, were: "The Imperial Family of Brazil"—"The President of the United States"—"The Don Pedro II. Railroad Company," with numerous volunteers, botanizing the friendly feelings of the two countries.

All the Americans in Rio Janeiro regard the making of the present contract as a strong movement towards American interest in Brazil; believing that it will be the means of introducing many enterprising Americans in various walks of life, as well as many American inventions and manufactures; besides strengthening the bonds of friendship which ought forever to exist between the two greatest governments of the Western Hemisphere.

## From Havana.

The steamship Isabella, from Havana via Key West, with dates to the 10th inst. The Havana news is of considerable interest.

Three more cargoes of white slaves, tenderly replete "Asiatic free colonists," had arrived at Havana—one of them being under the English and the other under the American flag.

The brig C. Perkins, which cleared from Havana on the 25th of October last, for St. Thomas, returned on the 30th of May, reporting herself from Campeche. It was supposed, however, that she had been to the coast of Africa for slaves, and having landed them on the island, had intended to return for a second cargo. When application was made, however, to the American Consulate for fresh papers, they were refused until an examination could be made into the charges brought against her. An attempt was made to bribe Mr. Savage, the American Consul, but it proved unsuccessful, and the vessel suddenly sunk in the harbor, for the purpose, doubtless, of anticipating any too severe scrutiny into her character.

The Fourth was celebrated by the American citizens of Havana in a quiet way.

Our correspondent gives us sundry little anecdotes of the performances of the "gentlemen of the road" who so successfully set the police of the island at defiance.

The weather at Havana was hot. Of the yellow fever, our correspondent says that it "continues its ravages amongst the seamen, but not, I believe, to so great an extent as at this period on former seasons."

By this arrival we have San Francisco papers to the 10th ult. The news from California is not important. From Oregon we have confirmation of the defeat of Col. Stepien by the Indians.

Gen. Harney was in camp, six miles beyond Fort Kearney, on the 3d of July.

POVERTY is the mother of all arts.

## Correspondence.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

## Commencement at Davidson College.

Commencement at Davidson College.—The weather—Dr. Thornwell's sermon before the Senior Class—Singing Wednesday morning.—The laying of the corner stone.—Mr. Barringer's Address on the occasion.—Anniversary of the Eumenean Society.—Mr. Frierson's Address before the Literary Societies.—Mr. Burwell's speech.—Mr. Little's Oration.—Representative Speaking of the Literary Societies in the evening.—Mr. Seale's "Fort Thursday"—Programme of Exercises.—Catalogue of graduates.—Honors.—Valedictory Addresses.—Valedictory exercises.—The ladies.—Marchals.—The Band—Sad occurrences, etc.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. July 16th, 1858.

Messrs. Editors:—I thought I could not more agreeably spend an afternoon, dear Times, than by giving you some faint account of the late Commencement at Davidson College N. C.; and if only a few of your numerous readers will experience any pleasure in the perusal of this description, my highest aim will be accomplished.

The weather was in a great degree propitious to the event. A heavy rain had fallen in the former parts of the week, and the air was in consequence considerably cooler, and the ground made more fit for travelling. Yet still from the large crowd that attended the exercises of Commencement, and, necessarily, the amount of riding that was done, there was a good deal more of dust than was agreeable to comfort or compatible with health and pleasure.

The exercises, proper, of Commencement began on Tuesday



College, N. C., of the Philanthropic Society. I but echo the sentiments of the large audience, when I say that the concert was a great success, and that the concert was a great success, and that the concert was a great success.

Thursday was the "big day." At half past ten a large procession was formed, consisting of the Board of Trustees, distinguished Visitors, Faculty of Davidson College, the Students and the graduating class. The Programme was as follows:

**Prayer.**  
**Inaugural Address of W. C. Kerr, A. M., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology.**

**Latin Salutatory, Robt. L. Johnston, Rowan Co., N. C.**

**The Philosophical Oration, Malcolm H. McBryde, Richmond Co., N. C.**

**Oration—"The Mormons," Alonzo Montgomery, Talladega Co., Ala.**

**Oration—"Party Spirit," Hugh K. Reid, Mecklenburg Co., N. C.**

**Degrees Conferred.**  
**Valedictory Addresses, D. A. Townsend, Marion Dist., S. C.**

**Prayer and Benediction.**

There were nine graduates upon whom was conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

R. L. Douglass, R. L. Johnston, L. Kirkpatrick, M. H. McBryde, A. Montgomery, J. M. Moore, H. K. Reid, D. A. Townsend and William White.

Of these, Mr. Townsend received the first honor, Messrs. Johnston and McBryde the second honor, and Mr. Montgomery the third. The orators of the day succeeded admirably well. Prof. Kerr's Address was one that elicited much credit and applause. The other gentlemen's addresses were of merit and worth. The Valedictory Address was peculiarly solemn and appropriate. The subject was "Know your opportunities." The circumstances of the Commencement were possessed of solemnity and sadness, as all commencements are to me; amid the pleasures of release from books, of visits to home and friends, there is grief at the parting of College friends and acquaintances, separations of hearts perhaps no more to meet this side of eternity.

But away with sadness. To the many ladies that were present from Western Carolina, and the neighboring Districts of South Carolina much is owing, for their happy voices, sweet smiles, and kind words are ever soothing and cheering. We can but express ourselves in the words of a well known saying: "Woman! first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of our countrymen!"

To the March of the day, (or days if you wish), much praise is due. Especially to Chief Marshal McLaughlin. They seemed ubiquitous, ever ready to attend to the wants and wishes of all, to check all noises and disorder.

The band in attendance upon this occasion, was the Columbia Rifle Band. They have obtained for themselves a reputation and perhaps relying upon that, they have neglected practice, for their music though in almost every exercise did not justify all that has been said of it. However, they played quite creditably and conducted with great decency and propriety.

A sad circumstance occurred which cast a gloom over the mind of every one; it was the sudden death of a young man, who had been preparing himself for College for the last year. He had stood his examination and had entered. On Sunday he was taken sick and on the Wednesday succeeding he died. In the midst of the pleasure attendant upon such occasions as occur at Commencement seasons, in the midst of the joviality and hilarity of such scenes, he was taken away. Truly "in the midst of life, we are in death."

Forgive this rambling letter, and believe me to be ever your true friend,  
RAGLAN.

**CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.**

**Worcester, Mass., July 12th 1858.**

Dear Times:—Absence from home, illness, moving from the country into the city, selecting furniture and getting settled, and recently going to Nahant to enjoy bathing in salt water at that delightful beach, visiting friends and old classmates, are among the many causes of my long delay in writing to your excellent paper. But now at leisure for awhile, I am happy to embrace this opportunity of giving you a brief account of some things recently seen and heard here in the Old Bay State.

And I will go back only to the celebration of our National Independence on Monday July 5th. Being in Boston on that day I had the privilege of enjoying one of the greatest displays I ever witnessed.

Early in the morning the large park in front of the State House was filled with people who had come from all parts of the city and from neighboring towns to listen to a grand Musical Concert performed by eighty of the best musicians selected from the various brass bands residing in the city. Six heavy pieces of artillery from the Charleston Navy Yard were used to render more powerful the effect produced by the beating of the drums. One cannon after another pealed forth in thunder tones in perfect time with the musical instruments. Among the pieces performed were "America," "Hail Columbia" and "Hail Columbia," which were received with immense applause.

After the Concert several thousand children assembled in the Public Garden and spent the day in various kinds of sports and recreations, partaking refreshments and listening to speeches and poems.

While the children were thus enjoying themselves, their parents and visitors from abroad joined the principal streets, and then dined in a finely decorated Hall.

In the afternoon the great center of attraction was the ascension of two large balloons from the Common.

The first named "Ganimede" arose about 4 o'clock and in it went up Mr. John Wise Jr., who was carried over the city and Boston harbor; but on throwing out ballast he ascended into another current that carried him back over the land, where he soon alighted in a village not far from Boston.

Half an hour after the first balloon ascended another named "Jupiter" followed, carrying three men, John Wise Sr., the

celebrated aeronaut, and two of his party. This balloon made a splendid appearance as it sailed gracefully over the tops of the trees, and then moved away in a northerly direction. The aerial voyagers seemed to enjoy their journey very much, and the last that was seen of them, they were swinging their hats and waving their flags far up among the clouds. After sailing about two hours they made a safe descent several miles from the city.

In the evening there was a splendid display of fireworks liberally provided by the city government. One of the pieces represented the Battle of Bunker Hill, and was truly a magnificent spectacle.

The scenes extended over several hundred feet, and the firing of cannon from the British vessels slowly moving up the harbor, and the response from the American forts were both true to nature; and so was the whole appearance of the battle, and the subsequent configuration of Charles, the ringing of bells, noise of burning timbers, and the crash of falling walls.

Several other fine pieces were given with admirable effect; and all present united in pronouncing the Fire Works superior to any former exhibition. Besides these public demonstrations there were several festivities of a more private character.

There was a banquet at the Revere House, and speeches by Hon. Rufus Choate, R. C. Winthrop, B. F. Hallet and Edward Everett. Some say this festival was gotten up by those men now holding public offices, in order to lay the foundation of a new political party composed of the old whigs, the disaffected Americans, and the democrats in order to defeat the Republicans at the approaching election for Governor.

Whether this be so or not, the speeches were very patriotic and eloquent, and all seemed determined to do all in their power to preserve the integrity of our glorious Union. Boston may well be proud of some of her noble orators, statesmen and scholars, men not led away by fanaticism or party zeal, but conservative and ever true to themselves and their country.

There were several other interesting scenes on that day but my space forbids my speaking of them at present; and I must close by saying that the weather here has been exceedingly warm of late, and hundreds are leaving our cities to spend a few weeks on the seashore.

Among the distinguished guests at Nahant are Lord Napier and several men of rank from England, besides several senators and learned men from our own land.

Yours as ever  
Homo.

**PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.**

**Philadelphia, July 12th 1858.**

Dear Times:—Strangers in this beautiful, busy metropolis invariably find one of its principal centers of interest in an old, dreary, consecrated spot, shut in from the dense tide of life that goes constantly by, and surrounded with an antiquated brick wall, grown rough and dark and mossy from age, on one of the most active and stirring streets of the city. This is the Burial Ground of Christ Church, where repose the mortal remains of Franklin, Rush and more of the honored dead of their era than can be found in any other single cemetery in the country.

During pleasant weather the sexton is almost constantly engaged in pointing out tombstones to the great throngs of visitors; and the solemn feelings suggested by the place are always strengthened from the striking contrast which the sacredness and retirement of the spot affords with the steady hum of the busy thoroughfare. "A few days since an aged gentleman and lady applied to the sexton for his guidance through the churchyard. The sexton accordingly conducted them to the tomb of Franklin, of Com. Bainbridge, and all the illustrious dead who await the trumpet of the resurrection morning to wake them from their slumbers. Many of the stones in this ancient cemetery are fast crumbling to decay, while their inscriptions are overgrown with mosses and lichens. The sexton spent an hour or two in these interesting places, resting places of Philadelphia's honored dead. As they were about to depart, the old gentleman was about to depart, the old gentleman was about to depart, the old gentleman was about to depart.

"One of my principal objects in coming to Philadelphia was a pilgrimage to the grave of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Do you know where he lies?" "In this very yard," was the reply, "younger flat stone covers his grave."

The stranger and his lady passed over to the spot indicated. The stone vault cover was before him. The old man sat down upon it, scraped away the moss from the almost illegible inscription, and traced the letters with his finger, as the tears rolled down his cheek. After spending an interval in silence, the stranger beckoned the sexton to approach.

"Can I have these letters on this stone read?" asked the stranger. "Certainly, Sir," the sexton replied. "If no one can object to it," the stranger resumed, "I will have my son to have it done." The old man then related to the sexton that he had graduated as a physician, in this city, in the year 1793. It had been his privilege to study with the great Doctor Rush, whose vast benevolence and charity he had closely observed, and whose teachings had been to him a standard of purity and excellence. He had removed, many years ago, abroad, where he acquired an enormous medical practice, and no little fame as writer upon medical jurisprudence and upon operative surgery.

The sexton, of course, gratified the fancy of the venerable stranger, and ordered the inscription to be read, fully assured that the family of the lamented physician and patriot would interpose no objection to such a tribute of respect.

We are in the midst of excessively hot weather, the thermometer ranging daily at night, week in and week out, between 90 and 100, Fahrenheit. Pray don't all another "night" to those figures! Still, to those so minded, there are delights which even such weather cannot deprive of. Was it ever too hot to read, for instance? And, after the Times, what is so enjoyable as the light, agreeable miscellany of a good periodical? The latest monthly part of "Dickens' Household Words" (American reprint of Messrs. Geo. J. and Co., New York) is a fine specimen of the interesting character of this popular magazine. Its short essays and pleasant sketches on universal subjects are of common interest, and its tales are at ways of an agreeable character, frequently from the pen of the master, "Boz," himself. There are three or four contributions in the last two numbers, many of which had already floated about among the pages of the paper press. No better evidence of the excellence of the magazine could be desired than this universal appropriation by

contents. There are many sensible people, however, who prefer a treat in its legitimate state, and there are the American subscription list of the "Household Words" is constantly augmenting.

In virtue of its extended interest, its age, and its integrity—if nothing else—that rare old periodical, Little's Living Age," Boston, demands the support of every intelligent man in the country. For years has it circulated broadcast all over the land, its long continued and honorable career having secured for it the confidence of readers in remotest sections, of that class who rarely subscribe to a periodical, assured as they are that though Uncle Sam's mails may not betray, there is something that can be treacherous. The cream of the English magazines, reviews and journals is contained in this comprehensive and diversified publication which now publishes during a single year, in weekly numbers of eighty pages large magazine size, the extraordinary amount of four thousand one hundred and sixty pages a library in itself. It is the cheapest periodical published.

To the antiquarian and the lover of the early history of his country, the "Historical Magazine," published by C. Benjamin Richardson, New York, possesses peculiar decided attractions. Dr. Everett, Gilmore, Simms, Prescott, Stoughton, and the ablest historians in the country are contributors, and its pages are crowded with every matter of the most conclusive historical interest. In the numbers for June and July we notice Letters (hitherto unpublished) of Hernando de Soto, Benjamin Franklin, General Morgan and Henry Lee, Samuel Adams and John Jay: articles on the Landing of Columbus, Revolutionary Ballads, Old Public Libraries, etc.; with Proceedings of Historical and Antiquarian Societies throughout the country, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History and Biography of America.

We are glad to see the excellent southern monthly, "Russell's Magazine," so creditably sustained. The South owes it to herself to uphold this really superior periodical, which, thus far, has certainly proved itself in no degree inferior to the more boasted and pretentious magazines of the North. A fine paper on Mexico, in the July number, proves what claims on Southern readers articles of home interest demand when treated so ably as this is.

The leading paper is a pure one, on Labor and Capital, and there is a brilliant essay on Wine and the Vine Culture in France. Poetry that is poetry indeed, and not mere rhyme; and tales and sketches of a high character fill up a large measure of the number; while a well written Editor's Table, ("Having all the qualities of mahogany") and some carefully prepared literary notices, covering several pages at the close, appeal to the scholar of highest tastes.

**OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.**

**The District of Columbia, July 10th, 1858.**

The visit of the seventh regiment of New York seems to have inspired our own volunteers with new ardor. The spirit that animated our gallant militia on the bloody field of Bladensburg has returned. Ward meetings have been held for the laudable purpose of establishing a "new and splendid military organization" a la seventh regiment, and if we are to credit the promises of the would be Colonels, Majors and Captains, of the proposed corps, we are about to witness all creation in our drills and discipline.

The prompt and vigorous administration of our police affairs by the new mayor was general approbation. A light and airy reform for summer has been adopted, and the most stringent regulations have been enforced to confine the officers to their beats, and to preserve regularity and precision in their movements.

Barrett, indicted for the assassination of Mr. Reeve Lewis last winter has been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and will be sentenced in the course of this week. The unhappy man evinced great emotion when the verdict was pronounced, and on reaching his cell at the jail was altogether overcome and fainted away.

The news of the partial disaster that has befallen the Atlantic cable is received very coolly, even by those who some time ago took a great interest in the success. The fact of both ends of the telegraph being destined for British soil appears to dampen considerably the zeal of Brother Jonathan in behalf of the enterprise. The loss of fifty miles of wire, however, will not discourage the company from the prosecution of the work, and in a short time we may expect to hear of a renewed attempt. The favorable reports of the conduct of our frigates, the Niagara, as compared with that of her British consort, the Agamemnon, is a theme of exultation among our naval men.

The decision of the Court-Martial for the trial of commander Powell has just been made known, and much to the public surprise he has been found guilty and sentenced to be dismissed from service. The President, however, in view of the circumstances of the case, immediately commuted the sentence to suspension for five years on a "suspensionary."

This week we have been favored with several showers, and the heat is somewhat lessened.

**CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.**

**Celebration at Caracas.**

Messrs. Editors:—Dear Sirs, on Monday 5th July the teachers, pupils, parents and friends met at the church and proceeded to celebrate the memorable day that gave birth to our liberty with the following programme of exercises. Reading the Declaration of Independence, Declarations and an original Oration. It was the first exhibition of the kind we have had on this side the Paumotu. Joy and delight beamed from every countenance. It passed off well. May we not reasonably hope it is the beginning of a day, when the people of this place will awake to a more renewed and vigorous appreciation of the great interest of education; when the spirit of beauty shall sit no longer with folded wings, sleeping at the portals of the soul, but shall lift her glad eyes heavenward, and kindle her holy fire on every heart-alter, and man will learn that not in vain has the "Great Teacher" clothed the earth in verdure, and thrown a flood of glory over the summer sky." Respectfully,  
S.

The cable of the Atlantic Telegraph

**EDUCATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS.**—Rev. Wm. H. Doherty, A. M., a graduate of Queen's College, Dublin, and late Professor of Logic, Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, in Antioch College, Ohio, has been elected Principal of the Graham Institute, at Graham, N. C.

This Institution of learning is under the control and patronage of the Christian denomination, South. The property is owned by a joint-stock company, of which Rev. W. B. Wellons is President.

As soon as practicable, the Institute will be formed into a regular College, and will afford equal advantages to students of both sexes.

Biblical School will be organized for the education of young men called of God to the work of the ministry. *Norfolk Herald.*

**THE TURKISH ADMIRAL.**—The Turkish Admiral, Mohammed Pasha, together with his suite, sailed from Boston in Arabia for Liverpool on Wednesday. The Admiral is recalled home by special orders from the Sultan. After inspecting the Turkish ships of war now in Liverpool, the Admiral will proceed to London. In London he will hold a consultation with the Turkish Minister, and thence go to Constantinople at the earliest moment. The difficulties of the Ottoman Porte with the hostile Montenegros, and the need of his services in carrying on the war against them, are said to be the principal reasons which induced the Sultan in recalling him.

**Death of Gen. Quitman.**  
By the death of Hon. John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, the country loses one of her ablest and best men. Like the late lamented Gen. Persifer F. Smith, Gen. Quitman entered the army from the ranks of civil life, and yet attained to the highest rank and reputation in his newly adopted profession.

He was a native of Dutchess county, N. Y., but at an early age he emigrated to Mississippi, and entered in the practice of the law, in which he continued until a late period of life. He was sixty years old when he died, and at the time of his death, was one of the representatives in Congress from the State of Mississippi.

He was also a member of the House of Representatives in the Mississippi Legislature, and chairman of the House committee on Military Affairs, in which position his services have been generally regarded as invaluable. He died Saturday, the 17th inst., at his residence, near Natchez.

**THE SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY.**—At the convention of Bishops assembled at Berhampore, on the 3rd inst., Sewanee, in Franklin county, Tenn., was confirmed as the location for the Southern University. The much vexed question is now permanently settled.

**MARRIED.**

In Davidson on the 15th inst., at the residence of Dr. Hobbs, by J. Conrad, Esq., Mr. Thomas Baly of Davis, to Miss L. C. Gladson of Greensboro.

In Tazewell, on the 13th inst., by Rev. Wm. Cook, D.D., F. E. E. E. Esq., of Pitt county, to Miss Della A. Little.

**Particular Notice.**

Those LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who have BOOKS belonging to me, will confer a great favor by returning them soon.  
JOHN F. HOWLETT,  
July 12, 1858.

**CANDIDATES.**

**For the House of Commons.**  
We are authorized to announce Dr. CHARLES THACKER as a candidate to represent Guilford county, in the House of Commons of the next Legislature.

**For Sheriff.**  
We are authorized to announce Col. JOSEPH A. HODGSON as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

We are authorized to announce Col. C. A. BROWN as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

We are authorized to announce Wm. S. GLENN, Esq., as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

**YOUNG MEN'S HALL.**

Mr. Kemmerer, assisted by his large class of 80 pupils, will give a musical entertainment on Tuesday evening next, at 8 o'clock.  
Tickets 25 cents each.  
Ballads and Solos by Mr. K. and members of the class.  
(132-134.)

**20,000 PRINTING CARDS.** With a variety of other Materials just received at the lowest prices. The fact of both ends of the telegraph being destined for British soil appears to dampen considerably the zeal of Brother Jonathan in behalf of the enterprise. The loss of fifty miles of wire, however, will not discourage the company from the prosecution of the work, and in a short time we may expect to hear of a renewed attempt. The favorable reports of the conduct of our frigates, the Niagara, as compared with that of her British consort, the Agamemnon, is a theme of exultation among our naval men.

**WE ARE AGENTS FOR Messrs.** Simmons & Clark, in buying wheat, bring on your samples.  
J. & P. GARRETT,  
July, 1858. 132-134.

**LIST OF LETTERS.**

Remaining in the Post Office in Greensboro, July 10th, 1858.  
A—W D Archer, Sarah Andrews,  
B—Warren Brainer, W A Norton, F A Butler, 2, Mrs Weaver, Mrs Burwell, J J Baker & Co.  
C—Capt Military Co, Elizabeth Cunningham, Robert Causey, Elizabeth Carson, Clark & Burns, Sam'l Coffin, Clapp & Huffman, Henderson Cowan, Benj Churchill.  
D—John Drever, 2, R C Denny, R C Denny, 2, A L Dowler, N C Denny, J Dorsett.  
E—Richard T Foster, Elizabeth Forbes, Nancy M Gamble, George Gannon, H—Rev C F Harris, Sarah Hatrick, William Hall, J R Hanner, Mary Hunt, Sam'l Hobbs.  
I—J A Ingold.  
J—Richard Johnson, Johnson & Neal, K—John O King.  
L—George T Lewis, Dr R C Lindsey, Col. Logan, Attorney at Law, Wade S. Lewis.  
M—Caroline McVels, John D McDowell, James W Moore, S A E Massman, N Mills, John Mitchell, David Murton.  
P—Geo W Plunket, Annie R Petros, Thomas H Peggam.  
R—B Ross, J M Rothrock, J Robinson, T B Rowland, William Recks 2, Laura A E Rich, John F Rodman.  
S—Edward Stradwick, Nancy C Suite, Mrs L Sallee, Edward H Suplee, Sallie Sykes, Mary Short, C H Stoddard.  
T—Jesse Thompson & Co, Isaac Thacker, Eliza H Thomas.  
W—N Wiley, H B Wolfe, W R Wilkins 2, T W Wooding, G A Williams, William Wilson.  
Y—Prof B York, David York, Jackson Yates 2.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.  
B. G. GRAHAM, P. M.

**COMMERCIAL.**

**GREENSBORO MARKET, July 25.**

Reported expressly for the Times.  
By Oliver & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.  
Bees 124@135; Beef 4@5; Butter 22@24; Butter 15@16; Coffee 14@16; Candles, Tallow 22@24; Eggs 60@62; Ham 10@12; Pork 10@12; Rice 10@12; Sugar 10@12; Tea 10@12; Wheat 80@82; Flour 10@12; Corn 10@12; Oats 10@12; Hay 10@12; Straw 10@12; Potatoes 10@12; Apples 10@12; Peaches 10@12; Plums 10@12; Cherries 10@12; Grapes 10@12; Figs 10@12; Dates 10@12; Raisins 10@12; Prunes 10@12; Walnuts 10@12; Almonds 10@12; Pistachios 10@12; Macadamia 10@12; Brazil 10@12; Coffee 10@12; Tea 10@12; Sugar 10@12; Flour 10@12; Corn 10@12; Oats 10@12; Hay 10@12; Straw 10@12; Potatoes 10@12; Apples 10@12; Peaches 10@12; Plums 10@12; Cherries 10@12; Grapes 10@12; Figs 10@12; Dates 10@12; Raisins 10@12; Prunes 10@12; Walnuts 10@12; Almonds 10@12; Pistachios 10@12; Macadamia 10@12; Brazil 10@12; Coffee 10@12; Tea 10@12; Sugar 10@12; Flour 10@12; Corn 10@12; Oats 10@12; Hay 10@12; Straw 10@12; Potatoes 10@12; Apples 10@12; Peaches 10@12; Plums 10@12; Cherries 10@12; Grapes 10@12; Figs 10@12; Dates 10@12; Raisins 10@12; 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Potatoes 10@12; Apples 10@12; Peaches 10@12; Plums 10@12; Cherries 10@12; Grapes 10@12; Figs 10@12; Dates 10@12; Raisins 10@12; Prunes 10@12; Walnuts 10@12; Almonds 10@12; Pistachios 10@12; Macadamia 10@12; Brazil 10@12; Coffee 10@12; Tea 10@12; Sugar 10@12; Flour 10@12; Corn 10@12; Oats 10@12; Hay 10@12; Straw 10@12; Potatoes 10@12; Apples 10@12; Peaches 10@12; Plums 10@12; Cherries 10@12; Grapes 10@12; Figs 10@12; Dates 10@12; Raisins 10@12; Prunes 10@12; Walnuts 10@12; Almonds 10@12; Pistachios 10@12; Macadamia 10@12; Brazil 10@12; Coffee 10@12; Tea 10@12; Sugar 10@12; Flour 10@12; Corn 10@12; Oats 10@12; Hay 10@12; Straw 10@12; Potatoes 10@12; Apples 10@12; Peaches 10@12; Plums 10@12; Cherries 10@12; Grapes 10@12; Figs 10@12; Dates 10@12; Raisins 10@12; Prunes 10@12; Walnuts 10@12; Almonds 10@12; Pistachios 10@12; Macadamia 10@12; Brazil 10@12; Coffee 10@12; Tea 10@12; Sugar 10@12; Flour 10@12; Corn 10@12; Oats 10@12; Hay 10@12; Straw 10@12; Potatoes 10@12; Apples 10@12; Peaches 10@12; Plums 10@12; Cherries 10@12; Grapes 10@12; Figs 10@12; Dates 10@12; Raisins 10@12; Prunes 10@12; Walnuts 10@12; Almonds 10



